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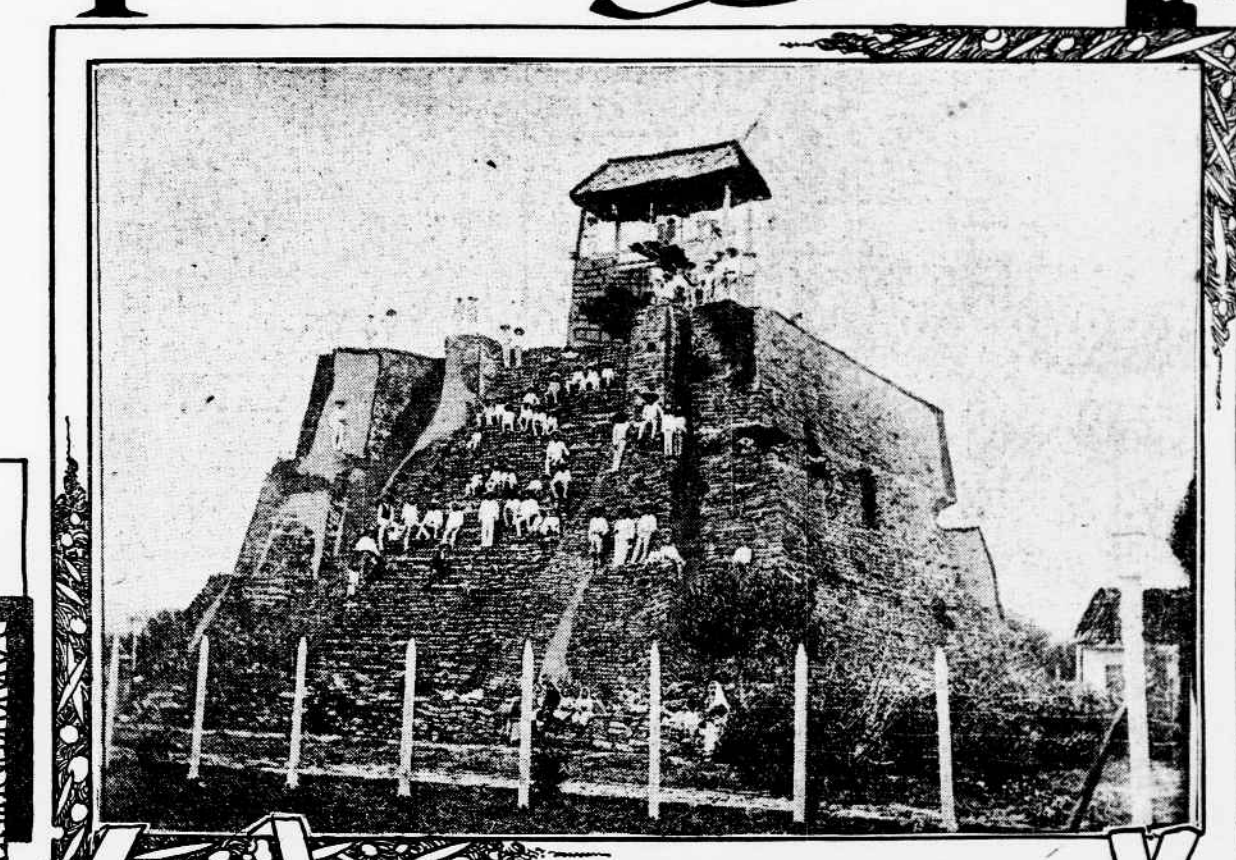
FROM a one-time populous and long-forever forgotten eminence of the prehistoric and powerful Montezuma, ruler of the Aztecs, Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes brings to Washington a most interesting story of lost American civilizations, of hitherto undescribed pyramids and idol-strewn temples, of flourishing cities long crumbled and covered with jungle. Under a special grant from the Smithsonian Institution this distinguished archaeologist of the bureau of American ethnology has made a reconnaissance in eastern Mexico to gather material bearing on the question whether the mound builders of our Mississippi valley were the descendants of the scattered Totonac and Huastec tribes people as he advanced as the Aztecs, of whom they were vassals.

Cempoalan, Land of Pyramids.
Speaking of his explorations, Dr. Fewkes said:

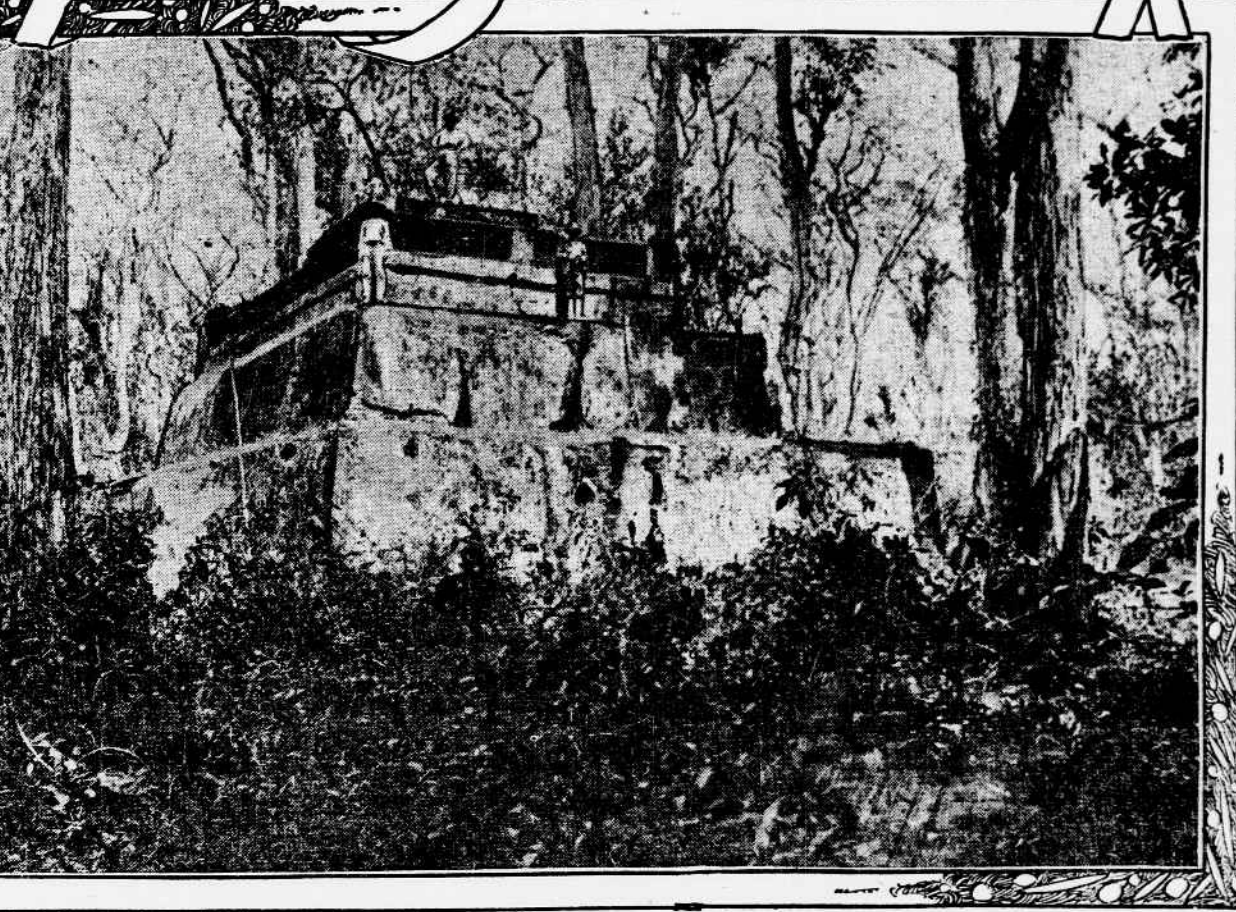
"When Cortes disembarked his army in what is now Vera Cruz he found it inhabited by a people of comparatively high culture. The Indians called them *Totonacs*, and their territory was known as *Totonacapan*. The conqueror was not long in discovering that the Totonacs were subjects of Montezuma, a great ruler in the mountains to whom they willingly paid tribute, and that they chafed under his yoke. Shortly after his landing, Cortes visited their settlements at Quauhtlan and Cempoalan, near the former of which he laid the foundation of a city that he called *Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz* (the Rich Town of the True Cross). He was well received by the inhabitants of these cities, making friends with those above mentioned and with thirty other dependent pueblos who so aid greatly facilitated his march to the interior of Mexico. But this friendly lip of the natives of Cempoalan and their settlements for Cortes was not shared by all the Indians of the Mexican Gulf coast. In the valleys of the Panuco and Tamasopo rivers—that is, in what is now northern Vera Cruz and southern Tamaulipas—dwelt the so-called *Huastec* people. They had populous towns, having reached a high degree of culture, and they had never been conquered by the Aztecs. At first they resisted the Spaniards, but subsequently were subdued by Cortes and their main city and other settlements were destroyed. The survivors of these villages who escaped a sword or massacre fled to the mountains where their descendants, bereft of ancestral arts, lost much of their culture and settled in new localities. At the time of the conquest Cempoalan was so thriving a metropolis that it excited the admiration of the Europeans, and from its many temples (pyramids) and large buildings was called *Sevilla*. Its streets and plazas are said to have swarmed with people, one author estimating the population at 30,000 souls. Whether this statement was exaggerated or not we may never know, but the size and number of the temples prove that the city had a considerable population. After the conquest Cempoalan rapidly declined in power and its population so



LAND OF AMERICAN PYRAMIDS.



THE AZTEC CASTLE OF TEAYO—



A CEMPOALAN TEMPLE PYRAMID

A PYRAMID CALLED "THE LIGHTNING"

decided that in 1580, according to Padino, it had shrunk to thirty inhabited houses. It is stated that in the year 1900 only one or two Cempoalans lived on the site, the most of them having been distributed in new congregations by the then viceroy of Mexico, the Count of Montalvo. The adjacent forests and an exuberant tropical vegetation rapidly grew over the deserted ruins of the once populous city, so that in a few generations its site was practically forgotten by students. But although lost and forgotten by the outside world, the name of the Totonac metropolis clung to a locality near the left bank of the Acapulco river, where certain mounds and ruined pyramids are still known to the people of the neighborhood as the remains of ancient Cempoalan. In 1891 the Mexican government made a survey of Cempoalan and neighboring ruins of the almost impenetrable jungle covering the mounds was thoroughly cleared and the walls of several large buildings were laid open to view. But the ruins of Cempoalan passed the next decade without being disturbed or even visited, and a new jungle spread its cover over the stately pyramids.

"I made two excursions to Cempoalan, remaining there a week on my second visit. My work was attended with difficulty, since the clearing made in 1891 had disappeared, the trees and underbrush having obscured the buildings. Although much of this vegetation was cut away by the owner, the jungle is still dense over the greater part of the ruins. Cempoalan lies a short distance from the coast and two hours' ride on horseback from a station on the railroad between Jalapa and Vera Cruz, called San Francisco. The roads from this station to the ruins pass through a comparatively level country, lined in part with groves of tropical trees to which cling beautiful air plants and in the branches which live parrots and other brilliantly colored birds. Evidence of the older population crop out everywhere and well-defined rows of rubble-stones mark the foundations of old temples that have been appropriated for the same purpose in modern times. The ruins of Cempoalan cover a large area of territory, extending to the westward to a territory a mile square, but the main build-

ings are crowded into a limited area. Wherever one turns in this neighborhood, if vegetation permits, he encounters evidence of former human occupation. Not only mounds and pyramids rise on all sides, but also plastered walls and fragments of carved stone, and in places, rows of stone set in cement (not unlike curbs) are seen on all sides. Cempoalan was constructed almost entirely of plaster and rubble-stone, none of its walls were made of adobe or of cut stones.

Massive Balustraded Stairways.
"The four buildings now standing are pyramids, the bases of former temples. They are constructed of a concrete or core made of water-worn stones laid in lines on surfaces of the mounds. The surfaces of these buildings were originally so highly polished that it was supposed by one of the soldiers of Cortes that the walls were covered with plates of silver. These walls were decorated with yellow and red paintings, traces of which are still visible, especially in places not exposed to the weather. Two typical forms of buildings are represented, one circular, the other rectangular. Both types have stairways with massive balustrades on one side. The largest pyramid found here belongs to the round type and lies in a field. Venturing into this field, which is full of troublesome insects, I discovered that near these two mounds are others forming a group. One of the largest was called by a Spaniard 'Temple of the Air,' and like all round temples, is supposed to have been dedicated to the god of the air. The many smaller mounds are crowded together, indicating houses once possibly inhabited by priests. Nearly are fragments of walls, some of which, extending into the adjacent fields, are lost in the jungle. Slabs of plaster or rows of rubble-stones extending in all directions indicate the crowded arrangement of houses in this immediate locality, which must have been not far from the center of the city. A mile north of the Temple of the Air I suddenly saw rising before me, in fact, looking the way—a pair of massive pyramids that evidently formed parts of two sides of an inclosed court. Facing the

larger of these, with the smaller on my left, I probably stood in the great court of Cempoalan, where perhaps Cortes met his soldiers on his memorable visit to this city almost four centuries ago. The larger of these two massive pyramids is locally known as the 'Temple of the Foundation' or 'Chimneys'; the other is nameless. Peering into the jungle that surrounds these buildings, I got glimpses of other mounds hidden for the greater part in the dense forest.

'Temple of the Fountain.'
"The front of the larger pyramid, on which stood what is locally known as the 'Temple of the Fountain,' is, Dr. Fewkes said, indicated by a stairway before which stand the ruined columns of a second building, possibly used as a waiting room for those who took part in the ceremonies on the temple which once crowned the pyramid. At the foot of the stairway he saw broken remains of hollow, chimney-like columns formerly decorated on their flat sides with stucco figures. The pyramid originally had six terraces, gradually diminishing from base to apex, and is still traversed by a broad stairway from the ground level to the top. The stairway has a massive balustrade on each side and at the top ends in a cubical block made of plaster and laid over stones and concrete. Climbing these stairs he found the ruins of a temple, walls once forming three sides of a chamber in which two idols had apparently occupied pedestals. Some of the stones lining the platform on which the temple stood were perforated to allow the escape of rain. The other large pyramid had a larger number of terraces and bore ruins of a temple which had evidently contained many chambers. In the walls of a temple on one of the smaller pyramids were found sunken panels forming a frieze to which rows of clay heads or human skulls had probably been attached. Below this were the remains of a temple, walls once forming three sides of the lower steps of the pyramid was the ruin of an altar with a basin-like structure in front, a remarkable stone idol. A few miles from this ruined metropolis lie the ruins of a little church surrounded

by crumbling walls which mark the old settlement of Europeans on the coast of America—the permanent Vera Cruz of the Spaniards, who destroyed the civilization of these pyramids and temple buildings. Near this Dr. Fewkes unexpectedly found an important group of mounds never described by archaeologists, and which, he says, closely resemble some of those of the Mississippi valley.

Tracing Cortes' march from Cempoalan to Mexico, Dr. Fewkes sought the ruins of an Aztec village, four days distant, whose inhabitants had been commanded by Montezuma to receive the Spaniards in a friendly manner and to furnish them food. Through Aztec legends which he learned in the modern Indian pueblos, he identified this with an almost impenetrable ruin since called *Xico Viejo* by the Spaniards. He had that, as he said, "it might be called an artificial stairway." He found the ruins on a lofty, precipitous cliff at whose base are walls, fragments of pottery and other evidences of a past population. Although it was said that Montezuma could draw 50,000 warriors from this region, the area of the cliff he found a mere handful of men could have defended the passes leading to the village against a large army. On top of the cliff he found a temple pyramid with a platform on one side, evidently faced with hewn stones. Here he found, standing in an open court, a remarkable stone idol. He found hanging upon it several ba-

nanas, lately placed there as offerings by natives of the neighborhood, who evidently retain their belief in this mute divinity of their superior ancestors. The head of this idol has elaborately carved ear pendants and a peculiar nose ornament. On the back of the head is carved a rabbit's head under a circle. This symbol possibly represents the date of the foundation of the town. The modern inhabitants of the region have a legend that this rule was founded by the immediate predecessor of Montezuma I. On a hillside in the same neighborhood Dr. Fewkes found on a rock the carved figure of a gigantic serpent represented as crawling out of a spring. It is about twenty feet long, and the tail of the monster is cleverly hidden in the spring. Dr. Fewkes thinks that it was probably worshipped as a water god. Although these ruins are Aztec, others which he visited at the base of a volcanic mountain in this region he believes to have been constructed by a highly cultured people, superior even to the Aztecs.

A pyramid called "The Lightning," near the town of Papantla, also in Vera Cruz, was also visited by Dr. Fewkes. This is one of the most magnificent prehistoric monuments of Mexico. It is solid throughout, and around the four faces, with the exception of the space occupied by the stairway, are one above the other, seven rows of niches in which idols probably stood. The temple proper crowned a platform, the uppermost of six terraces. Pa-

panla, the modern pueblo nearby, stands in the midst of the vanilla zone of Vera Cruz, and is occupied by the descendants of the Totonacs, who built these pyramids. Although these people have lost the culture of their ancestors, they retain some of their peculiar customs.

Aboriginal Man-Flight Fever.
That the man-flight fever had a foothold in America before the coming of the white man is proven by one of their ancestral games still repeated by these people. This is the game of "The Flyers."

"In this play men disguised as birds mount to the tops of upright poles and, attaching themselves to ropes, jump into space, seeming to fly through the air," explained Dr. Fewkes. "An old woman, the so-called 'witch,' makes offerings of copal, aquadiente and a fowl, which are placed in the hole where the pole is placed in the ground."

An Aztec pyramid known locally as the "Castle of Teayo," and which is crowned with a modern building erected upon the ruins of its former temple, was visited by the archaeologist at Teayo, a pueblo also of Vera Cruz province. An image or idol that once stood on the summit is now in a Mexican museum. Nearly have been found stone images which indicate that this was an Aztec garrison town. Dr. Fewkes examined numerous specimens

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, "JOHNNY" POE, FORMER FOOT BALL STAR, A WANDERER.

John Poe, Jr., son of the well-known Poe family of Maryland, member of the Princeton varsity foot ball team of '95 and '96, brother of the five other Poes, who "made" the varsity foot ball team, business failure, volunteer in the Spanish-American war, regular in the Philippine marine at Panama, cowpuncher in New Mexico and Tonopah miner, has once more bobbed up in an obscure corner of the world. According to a cable dispatch received last week from San Salvador, this knock-about soldier of fortune has just sailed on the steamer *San Juan* for San Francisco to begin a "foreign legion" to take part in the expected war between the Central American states, says the New York Times.

"Johnny" Poe, as he is affectionately called around Old Nassau's campus, was born about thirty-four years ago. He entered Princeton with the class of '95, and was immediately put on the varsity foot ball team. He was one of the star players of that season, but when the faculty took away the class in the June examinations Poe was dropped.

again with the class of '96. He only succeeded in making his collegiate career a disappointment to his family, for he was a failure in the classroom. That ended his college career.

During the season of 1893-4 he coached the foot ball team of the University of Virginia. The next year drifted into the steamboat business in Baltimore, and the following year tried real estate. His experience in these ventures he thus sums up in a letter to a friend:

"This scramble for the almighty dollar does not appeal to me, as I am so utterly rotten in the scramble."

His year in the real estate business was more or less of a touch-and-go affair. He found, or took, the time to coach the Princeton foot ball team. In the chronological history of his occupations there is only one entry for the year 1897—"Princeton University foot ball team."

Hard Luck in 1898.
The following year the Spanish war broke out, and Johnny Poe did his best to tackle the foe, but luck was against him. Here follows his own chronicle of his soldiering: "I had been in the 8th Maryland Regiment for over three years when war was declared, and had reached the high position of a corporal. We went to Pimlico (near

Raising "Foreign Legion"—On His Way to 'Frisco From San Salvador—Recital of His Adventures—Some of the Experiences of This Princeton Gridiron Hero With the "Wanderlust."

Baltimore) on the 25th of April, and stayed there until the 15th of May, being mustered into the service of the United States on May 14. We left for Chickamauga on the 19th of May, reaching that place on the 21st of May. Our regiment was ordered to Tampa from Chickamauga on Thursday, June 3, with seven other regiments, in a provisional division under the command of Gen. Snyder. We thoroughly expected to go with Sigler's troops, but I have since been told that there were not enough transports to take the division. I met Ed Munn, '95, and Gordon Johnston, '96, and Bernis Brien, '96, in Tampa. The two former were in the Rough Riders and the latter in the 8th Ohio. We stayed in Tampa ten weeks, leaving there August 19 for Huntsville, Ala., where we stayed about three weeks, reaching home September 7 and being mustered out October 22.

This is the chronological history of the next five years of his life:

1899—Cowpunching in New Mexico. 1899-1901—With the 23d United States Regular Infantry in the Philippines. 1902—Surveying around Baltimore. 1902-1903—Back again cowpunching in New Mexico. 1904, January and February—In Marine Corps at Panama, and then in coal business at Charleston, W. Va.

In a Mining Camp.
At some unstated time he was also a militiaman in the feud district of Kentucky. He is next heard from in a mining camp in the Nevada desert. From that untamed corner of the globe he thus writes to the secretary of the class of '95:

"Dear Andy: I sometimes feel as if Kipling's poem, 'The Lost Legion,' might apply to me."

"Though living side by side with wife, deserters, crooks, a child murderer, and some

of the scum of the earth, I think the fact of being a Princeton man was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, keeping me from sinking to their level, and the knowledge that old mother Princeton wishes to believe of her sons as Isabella of Croix did of Quentin Durward. 'If I hear that of you soon, and that by the trumpet of fame, I'll conclude you dead, but not unrepentant. I suspect some of the '95 men have feared that I have taken as awkward a way of gratifying this wish as did the recruit when he loaded his rifle by shoving the cartridge down the muzzle, and when reproved by his sergeant, replied: 'There is more than one way of loading a rifle.'"

I was on a ranch in 1902 and 1903, with Dutch Hager and Hugh Hodge. Dutch had a disagreement once with a 'bad man' about the ownership of a cow. Dutch said it was his, and he intended to take it, and if the man didn't like it he could help himself. Dutch and he were both armed, but if the

other fellow had started anything I'll bet Dutch would have sent him winging his way over the great divide so soon that he would have still had a surprised look on his face when he grabbed his harp and caused an all-around discord in the heavenly choir.

"Well, Andy, when we take the trail where there are not any outfit coming back may we all exclaim, as did the Roman gladiators to Caesar: 'About to die, Oh '95 and Princeton, we salute thee.'"

Very sincerely, JOHN P. POE, JR.
Tonopah, February, '05.

Soldiering in Central America.
But Tonopah and her "bad men" soon staled for Johnny Poe. He sought diversion in Central America, the premier hot-bed of revolution and warfare.

Last June he wrote to another classmate, this time from Bulfinch, Nev.:

Dear Bos: I received your letter some time ago asking for an account of my Honduras trip. I must confess that my ambition is to see wars in new countries, and my regret is that I haven't the most to gratify this wish. If I only had enough money now I should start out to Turkey and get with the Turkish troops who are fighting the Armenians in Asia. Money would enable me to hire interpreters, buy pack horses and riding

animals, get permission from the sultan to follow along and get myself up in the fighting.

"My dear Bos, I'll tell you a little more about it, and should you start, I shall probably go and get with Guatemala. It takes nearly two weeks from San Francisco to Guatemala. There is so much hot air about these Central American controversies that the length of a runner. My Honduras experience caused me to go to work in the mines here in order to get some money about, so that I shall be prepared for the next one."

It seems enough to tell you how he tried to go to war, but let me say that I have no knowledge of the language and no money to try it and he will certainly not go.

Of course, if England were to start something I wouldn't mind sailing as I can get my way out of the British service for \$500.

You do not know of any rich young fellow who would delight to go to war, as matter of fact, or on which side they are both usually wrong, so it doesn't make much difference which one chooses. He to get the experience and I'll volunteer to show him a side of life that, though rough in spots and sometimes a queer meeting of the mind, will be the best of the real road of clubs, theaters, dances, and parties, summer resorts and all that the conventional rich man does. Bos, try to think up some rich young man who is a rebel from the business world, so that I shall be able to get some money about, so that I shall be prepared for the next one."

There must be some such man who, disgusted with the awful sameness of things, would enjoy observing how the greatest game on earth is conducted in China, Arabia, Central America, Formosa, Morocco or the Congo.

JOHN P. POE, JR.